Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

Dear common flower,
Again thou liftest heavenward thy golden plumes,
And all the dry and dusty roadside blooms
As if an Eden bower.

Thou tellest me
To look in places common and apart
For precious things; and of each human heart
To think more sacredly.

Thou art; thy gift of glittering gold for each
Thou hast. Dear prodigal of nature, teach
Me to be ever thus.

Ah, soon shall creep
O'er field and flower the autumn's dreary chill,
And in the grave of winter, cold and still,
The earth shall sleep.

And soon to all
Of Adam born the autumn time shall come,
And withered hopes lie buried in the tomb;
Tears, like rain, must fall.

Peace, troubled soul!
Bright summer in the heart of winter lives;
The hand that taketh is the hand that gives;
Thy Father hath control.

Dust to dust,
Was spoken of the flesh; when the frail breath
Shall cease, thy life begins. There is no death
For those who trust.

Eternal years
Await the righteous in the summer land,
Where the flowers unfading bloom, and God's own hand
Shall wipe away all tears.
—Charles Dodd Crane, in Chicago Standard.

Across the Barrier of Years.

By Maude Pettit.

JUST four o'clock and First avenue was out in its best blacks and shining silks flanked by a dizzy movement of prancing steeds and automobiles. Elmhurst, the handsome residence of the McDermots, was conscious of the dignity derived from its massive carvings, its frowning turrets, its granite pillars. Even the flowers on the terrace seemed to understand they were First avenue flowers, and the ivy clung to the walls as fashionable ivy should. A gentleman was ringing the door bell, a carriage waiting by the boulevard.

"Do you know that man?" asked a passerby of his companion.

"No, I don't think I do."

"It's Rathbury, the artist, the painter of that picture that's making such a sensation down at Claire's now—let me see, what do they call it—oh 'The Morning-Time.'"

"Oh, yes, I was in to see that yesterday. Isn't it simply sublime? Such a commonplace scene, too, but the life!—the life in it!"

"Yes, it's wonderful! They say it's a settled thing between him and McDermot's daughter."

Meanwhile the great door of Elmhurst closed upon its guest, and he was seated in the cooling shadows of the moss-green drawing room to await its mistress. The mirrors reflected a man considerably past 40, sallow and quite gray, a face stamped with refinement and culture. It had been a struggle to his present fame and success, one which in his youth he had never thought of asking woman to share. In fact, oddly enough, in his early years he had never loved, and like many another man of genius he had mistakenly concluded he was wedded to his art. His old housekeeper gave him periodic doses of advice such as "you'll nae be a-marryin' now. Folks that want to marry should marry young. When they get past middle life, if they take a young un she's too skittish fur them, and if they take an old un like themselves they're both too fixed and crabbit in their ways to give in the one to the t'other."

But in spite of Mrs. Muffet's opinion he had wearied at last of a life that seemed to him incomplete and had decided—well, in short, he had decided to marry for friendship.

Now Mrs. Matchmaker, of First avenue, was quick to read his thoughts when he came to the city last fall, and pointed out to him the talented magazine writer, Miss McDermot. So it came that he spent many an evening in the moss-green drawing room discussing Carlyle, and Turner, and Rembrandt, and Ruskin. She found him decidely more interesting than the portly banker whose suit her father favored. For who but Irving Rathbury had such a subtle understanding of Browning and Shelley and all those other beings that peopled her thoughts? Besides Mrs. Grundy told her it was quite a propos, and Mrs. Grundy understands those things. Love? Ah well—not quite, but there was at least talent and friendship.

As for Mr. Rathbury, he told himself again and again that he was taking a wise step, and yet at times he had to brush another face hastily from his memory. Once—but it had all happened seven years ago—he had gone to the country residence of an old artist to study, and a voice had thrilled him there. A light form flitted about the house, painted a little, sang a little, read thick volumes and sat on her grandfather's knee. There she was carolling across the great drawing room with an apron full of May flowers, only the carpet was the orchard grass with green boughs and robin songs above. She came right up to the canvas where he worked, this sprite with her fresh cheeks and her hat tossed back on her sunny hair. She grew still and watched him with those wonderful eyes of hers, and when he opened to her his heart's ideals she understood; and he felt—ah, well, never mind. For he was almost 40 and she was but 18.

A word just now might win her. For what? Regret? She was a child as yet and he was twice her years. Bind her to fame and gray hairs? Nay! She shone fairest there. She was part of all this brightness of stars and forest and wind-swept meadows. Some day a fine young soul like her own would love her and this would be their Eden.

Thus for him it ended. Years passed—two, three, four, five—each bringing more silvery hairs and fresh laurels. Once he went back again; the old artist had died, the place was sold, deserted, weed-grown, and he could find nothing of her whereabouts. She was probably married now, and he resolutely closed his eyes to the past. But hush! What traitorous thoughts are there? Is he not engaged to his friend, ifelen Gretchen McDermot, beautiful still at 38? Besides she is clever and writes books, you know.

A sweep of silk rustled down the stairs, and he almost shakes himself as he hurries his thoughts back to First avenue.

"Am I to apologize for keeping you so long, Irving, or will you sweetly tell me you have conceived another picture, another apple woman, say?"

"I fear my brain is not so fertile. Have been engaged in the wise pursuit of tracing those branches on the carpet with my cane."

"What a dull half hour!"

"Nay, not so. I'm capable of bachelor reveries, you know. In fact, I believe I could have written them fairly well. Did I not tell you once that authors and artists had the same soul, only one was able to express more fluently with pen what the other expressed more slowly with the brush?"

"But more richly, sometimes."

The carriage drew away from the boulevard with Mr. Rathbury and his fiancee.

"Tell him to drive quickly, Irving. You forget I am all anxiety to see 'The Morning-Time.' It is not fair that all the world is looking at it before Helen McDermot. I should have had the first look. But you know father would not come back to the city until last night. Dear! how the summer heat lingers! Tell me about it again, your picture I mean. I shall understand it better."

"No, I should rather you saw and understood for yourself. It is the favorite child of my brush, you know."

She was silent, silent and beautiful. He was proud of her, this queenly woman at his side, with her fashion-clad form. Yes, he was fortunate—fame and wealth, and a handsome and talented wife.

"Have you seen that other canvas yet, 'The Unfinished picture?' " She asked.

"No, I just heard about it to-day. I wonder who the artist is!"

They were getting now where the streets were more densely thronged. The coachman drew up at last before the granite pillars and broad steps of Claire's gallery. They passed through the cooling shadows of the vaulted roof to where the crowd was densest, but it was some minutes before they could make their way through the crowd to "The Morning Time."

"She's not a perfectly beautiful girl. See, the features are not perfect," some one was saying.

"No, but the freshness, the life, the suggestiveness of it. You almost expect her to speak. And that bird—why, you can hear it sing!"

Then Helen McDermot was jostled forward and she saw the picture—her betrothed's master-piece.

An orchard scene on a May morning. A fresh-faced girl had paused beneath a tree. She was holding her apron full of wild flowers, standing slightly on tip-toe, her lips parted, as she listened to a goldfinch singing from its perch on a tall reed that rocked beneath its weight. Farther off a rustic fence skirted the horizon and, beyond soft white furrows of cloud along the blue. Above her head a thrush peeped knowingly at her from its nest in the apple-blossoms.

Helen McDermot's face grew radiant with pride and exultation as she gazed and as she listened to the comments of the critics.

"This is a fine thing over here," said Mr. Arno in Rathbury's ear, " 'The Unfinished Picture.' "

"Oh yes, I want to see that. Where is it? I just heard of it. Yes, I see."

It was the face of a half-grown girl with brush in hand and paint blotches on her apron. On the easel before her, an unfinished picture, very imperfect, but with a suggestion of beauty. But she was gazing away from her work with a wistful look at a grey-haired artist who toiled in the background. He heeded her not, but painted on, his long white curls falling in mediaeval fashion about his shoulders.

"The wistfulness is perfect, isn't it?" said Rathbury. "Who is the artist?"

"Some lady. Her name has just slipped my mind; she's quite young, a pupil of Saccho's. I imagine everybody will know before that picture hangs here long. Her grandfather was an artist, they say."

Mr. Rathbury had gone back to Miss McDermot's side. But he stopped in sudden surprise. She was still standing before the picture, but one hand rested limply on the other, her face was drooped and all its joy was gone.

"Let us go home," she said coldly.

"Helen—Miss McDermot, you are ill."

"No, not at all; come."

He led her to the carriage. No word of congratulation on her lips.

"I'm sure you are ill, Helen."

"No—not ill, thank you. Drive down Park Avenue. It is more secluded there."

"What is it, Helen? Tell me."

"That girl—you have painted the face of the woman you loved. You could not have painted like that if—"

"My dear, I loved the apple-woman, too, when I was painting her."

"Ah, but that was a different love. You have loved the living girl here. That is why people turn from the apple-woman to look at her."

Her hand was resting lightly on his arm.

"Don't deceive me, Irving, tell me all. Ours was to be a friendship marriage, but there should be perfect confidence even between friends. Can't you tell me?"

Brokenly and sadly he told his story.

"I would not ask her to sacrifice herself, you see. She had everything, beauty, and wealth, and youth."

"But you say you thought sometimes she loved you."

"Yes, but that was because she was so young. She had not begun to live yet. When she went out into the world she would soon forget me."

"But suppose she never forgot?"

"That couldn't be. Besides, I loved Stella Carman too deeply in any case to want to see her marry a man of my years."

He did not notice that the hand on his arm started slightly at the mention of that name, and the carriage paused before the door of Elmhurst.

Two days passed. Irving Rathbury stands by the window of his country home—he had left the city that night. The servant hands him a note.

Dear Irving: I have come back to Riverside Cottage for a few days. I have had the good fortune to find in the painter of "The Unfinished Picture" a mutual friend of ours (at least I have known her of late years). She is now my guest. Come down on the evening train to-morrow, and I shall be pleased to have you meet your talented competitor. Helen.

"Sensible woman! She is going to take things as if nothing had happened," he said to himself.

Helen McDermot stood beside her guest on the veranda of Riverside cottage next evening.

"I have neglected to take down old Mrs. Marrot's broth; so now, my dear, if you will excuse me, I'll leave you to your artist's reveries for a half hour. If anyone calls I hope you will play hostess with your usual grace. Now remember, puss, I expect you to be a Casabianca and stick—well, if not to the burning deck, at least to the creaking veranda, no matter who appears."

"Dear! All these directions sound, shall I call it—what shall I call it anyway?"

"Call it good evening. I'll be back soon, dear. Here, Ragtop, you rude dog, go back and stay with your guest!"

But the young artist was soon too absorbed in the scene to need Ragtop's entertainment. The water-lillies slept on the dark river, and the flaming weed-flowers studded its bank, with here and there groups of elms spreading their graceful branches at the little bends and curves. One star shone, pale, in the amethyst of evening, while the far-off melody of homely music came floating from some wayside cottage.

She was thinking of her work—"The Unfinished Picture." There was a touch lacking somewhere. The world applauded; but she was working for an immortal idea. And to such souls what is men's applause?

She shaded her eyes for a moment—Oh, if she could but see that vision once again! Often as she worked a face had started up before her with all the reality of life. What, though those locks were gray, it was the face of the man she loved. She loved—ah, yes, that was where the trouble lay. She could not turn her eyes from feasting on the vision to toiling on the canvas. Her hand was paralyzed, and it faded ere she caught it.

Still she sat with closed eyes, hoping. Half-hushed bird murmurings in the night woods! Little cheeping voices that would not be stilled, but fain would wake and cry like the longings in her soul. Nay! It would not come, the vision that she sought.

She opened her eyes again to the evening light, and lo! there by the screen of the veranda flowers was her long-lost vision. The same full brow—the eyes of fire and dreams. Ah! she had never been able to call his face up like this before. She had it now—the touch she lacked before! But a word, a breath and it would fade as her other dreams had done. She leaned forward with parted lips and bated breath.

"Stella!"

"It is the living——" and she gasped and was still.

"Yes it is I, the living Irving Rathbury."

For one moment they looked into each other's eyes, and the pent-up feelings of seven years were told without a word. Then she realized she had betrayed herself, and her cheeks were crimson and purple by turns.

And he became suddenly conscious of his honor there on Helen McDermot's threshold.

"And so you are the artist of 'The Unfinished Picture?' " he said coldly.

"Yes, but don't let that make me forget I am to play hostess. Be seated. Miss McDermot is out, but will be back soon."

"Strange," thought he, "she should be out on the appointed evening, and leave me alone with Stella Carman."

"But it all seems like a fairy story, Miss Carman. I do remember now you did paint when I knew you."

"Yes, I daubed a little even then, but you didn't condescend to see it."

Then an embarrassing silence came between them and they made efforts at conversation.

He mentioned her grandfather, and they were able to talk freely for a few minutes. Then came more layers of made conversation, more lulls of silence, with a splendid icing of conventionality on the slopes.

The stars grew thick on the little river at the garden foot and in the sky above. Then he bethought himself that he must catch the night train for the city; regretted Miss McDermot was out, was pleased to have met Miss Carman, etc., and the two artists on the veranda steps said good night as coldly as if she had never inspired him with the face in "The Morning-Time," and he had never given her "The Unfinished Picture."

. . . . . .

A woman walked along by the solemn river-quiet that night, God's stars overhead.

"Marry my friend and crush two lives! Never!"

And in that hour Helen McDermot's face grew beautiful, passing all the beauty it had ever won before.

There was a year's delay, and the world waited still to see the nuptials of Irving Rathbury and Helen McDermot. And a man hesitated long between broken lives and a broken vow.

But Helen wavered not in the role she had chosen, and two happy people never forgot her generous sacrifice —Canadian Magazine.

No Harm Done.

She—Papa has had some trouble with the gas company, and they have threatened to turn off the gas.

He—How unfortunate.

"Yes, but I told him it didn't make any difference to me.—Detroit Free Press.

PITH AND POINT.

Drib—"They say that lawyer is well to do." Drab—"He was well enough to do me, all right."—Town Topics.

"That was a good picture in the paper yesterday of your son, the football player, Mr. Husking." "Yaas. I knew who 'twas just as soon as I seen th' name under it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mistress—"Did you tell the lady I was out?" Servant Girl — "Yes, ma'am." Mistress—"Did she seem to have any doubt about it?" Servant Girl—"No, ma'am; she said she knew you wasn't."—Glasgow Times.

"After all, it isn't the biggest troubles that bother a fellow so much. It's the little things that annoy us most." "That's right. Why, they say a hornet's sting is only one-thirty-second of an inch long."—Philadelphia Press.

If a lawyer looks far enough, and waits long enough, he can find a supreme court decision on any side of any case. Just as a doctor can be found to swear to the opposite of what another doctor swears to.—Atchison Globe.

Styles—"You may like him, but I can't help regarding Podge as a cur. He takes no pains to hide the contempt he has for his wife." Harris—"That's right. I should think less of him if he did not have contempt for the woman who could consent to be his wife."—Boston Transcript.

She—"Don't jump so, dear; that's only the cuckoo clock in the hall." He—"Oh, is that all? I thought it was your father coming downstairs. You'll tell me when he comes, won't you, dear?" She—"O, it will not be necessary, love, to tell you; you'll know it when papa comes."—Philadelphia Sun.

THEIR MUSICAL EVENING.

How a Trained Artist Was Entertained at an American Country House.

The man who has no music in his soul now and then gets his innings—witness this true tale of a man who did have music in his soul. He had also a fine voice, carefully trained. He had, indeed, spent seven years and much of his patrimony with the best masters abroad. He cares nothing for Society, with the capital letter, but since he chances to belong to an old and rich family and is, moreover, the soul of good nature, it is impossible wholly to escape visiting at some of the great country houses, says the Washington Star.

One of these visits chanced to be at the home of a young woman widely known for her wealth and her charities. She lives in a palace in one of New York's swellest suburbs, so the musical man's friends felt that he was playing in great luck to get an invitation. He himself may have had a dim and shadowy notion of the same sort. If he did, it died young. It was a week-end visit. He expected, of course, that some part of Sunday would be given to music, and so took along various sacred and solemn things, fitted to the time and place.

He guessed right—there was music. The young lady herself made it, singing Moody and Sankey's hymns, taking the leading part herself, while the visitor was assigned a second. She said graciously that he sang well—she had not been better accompanied but a few times in her life. This, she let him know, was high praise; for they were a musical family and always played and sang with their guests. There was one exception to the family proficiency—her brother Jack, just home from college. He could neither sing nor play—but then he loved music well enough to make up for the lack of it.

Then she turned the artist over to Jack's tender mercies. Jack demanded songs—coon songs, lots of them. When the musician demurred, Jack said, in great amazement: "Why, say! We thought you were a musical fellow!"

"Oh, so I am—in a way, but, you see, my American education has been a bit neglected. I truly don't know a single coon song," said the visitor. Jack whistled and stuck his hands in his pocket, declaring: "I call that a shame." Then he brightened and added: "But we'll have some fun even if you don't. Ever see that thing which plays the piano? No? Well, I've got a bully fine one—I'll put it on and wind it to play all the very newest ones—then you can go back and tell the fellows in town that you learned more out here than Paris could teach you."

"That will be great," said the visitor.

Jack was as good as his word. He rolled out the Angelus and worked it industriously for three hours—a society for preventing cruelty to coon songs does not yet exist. When the youth bade his visitor good night he slapped him on the back and said, cheerily: "Now, you see what a man loses by leaving home. It would have been jolly to hear you, but I don't know that we lost so much—we had a fine musical evening after all!"

House Ventilation in Bombay.

Most of the new houses in Bombay have a fine show of windows on the outside, but no corresponding opening to allow a current of air to pass through. The mean annual temperature is 79.13 degrees Fahrenheit, and the mean relative humidity 77 per cent. The mean annual range of temperature is 46.9 degrees, and there are periods during the rains when the diurnal range of temperature does not exceed two degrees, and, unless there is wind, ventilation is practically stopped because the outer air and that in the buildings are reduced to nearly one temperature. With the thermometer at 82 to 84 degrees, and the air heavily charged with moisture, the surplus heat of the human body escapes too slowly, and much discomfort ensues. As it is not possible to dry the air in an ordinary house, the usual remedy is to produce a current by means of a punkah, and although the influence of this is very local, it has been found that in the worst Bombay weather life is made tolerable in its current. The chief drawback of the punkah is the punkahwalla. He is dirty, unreliable, especially at night, and his work, counting day and night, costs 24 rupees per month for a single punkah.—Collier's Magazine.

REPUBLICAN FINANCIERING.

Fear of the People That the National Banks Will Not Be Able to Survive a Panic.

The protectionists and the trusts have a new scheme to prevent a reduction of the tariff by wiping out the surplus, and as this proposition evidently has the approval of the money combine it may be forced through the coming congress. Representative Fowler, the Washington Star informs us, will be the chairman of the banking and currency committee of the next house of representatives, and he will make an effort to use the surplus to retire a large blocks of the greenbacks. The retirement of the greenbacks has always been favored by the national banks; they want complete command of the money market for their own notes, and they have always had a distinct dislike of the people's money, because they could not extract any profit or advantage from it. The Star further informs us that: "Mr. Fowler, who will be assisted by other men of the same opinion as himself, would adopt one of two plans. He would either cancel $50,000,000 or $100,000,000 outright, without replacing the notes with any other class of money, or he would take from the available cash about $100,000,000 in gold, which he believes could be spared, place that amount in the reserve fund of the treasury, and then as a like amount of United States notes came in, cancel them and issue gold certificates against the additional gold placed in the reserve fund. The reserve fund is now $150,000,000, and the addition of $100,000,000 to the fund would put the figure at $250,000,000. Mr. Fowler and other advocates of the retirement of greenbacks would follow this policy until the treasury contained nothing but gold or its representative in the treasury, removing the danger of the burden of demand obligations that confronts the country in case of panics."

Beyond retirement of greenbacks or reduction of taxation there are only two methods of disposing of the surplus. These are the purchase of bonds or the increase of the deposits with national banks.

The deposits already aggregate $108,506,502, and this is considered in many circles as sufficient for the banks to hold. It is the largest sum of government money ever held by the banks, except from late in 1898 to early in 1900, when the payments to the government from the sale of three per cent. bonds were placed with banks to prevent a curtailment of money in the business world. Not for many years before that or since have the holdings of government money by banks been nearly so large as now. Applications for deposits are being made right along by banks, but they are being informed that the treasury has no intention of increasing the deposits at this time.

Representative Fowler and other advocates of the retirement of the greenbacks would like to see the treasury surplus accumulate to a still larger extent than it is now doing, as they would like opportunity to present their ideas to congress. The amount of United States notes outstanding October 1 was $346,681,016, and it is from this sum that Mr. Fowler would begin the process of greenback retirement.

This radical republican programme is rather amusing in one thing, and that is their great fear that the United States treasury will not be able to meet its demands in case of a panic. The great fear of the people who have deposits in the national banks is that they will be the ones who will not be able to meet their liabilities.

If the treasury was to call for the $108,506,502 which has been loaned to the banks without interest, there would be a panic in Wall street which would at once extend all over the whole country. It is only a few days ago that these same banks were calling on the treasury to relieve them by purchasing bonds at the enormous premiums of 40 per cent. If this is necessary in the prosperous times they claim exist, what will become necessary to do when hard times come again?

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

——If President Roosevelt wanted to get on the right side of the south he evidently went the wrong way around in fraternizing with colored Booker Washington at the white house table.—Wheeling (W. Va.) Register.

——Those republicans who favor the ship subsidy bill should examine the report of the commissioners of navigation, which says 393 vessels were built in the United States during the three months ended September 30. The excuse for the steal that we must build up, with a bounty, the merchant marine is thus officially shown to be nonsense.

——The New York Sun and some of the other plutocratic newspapers are pretty well done up in their fight with the Hearst papers—the New York Journal, the Chicago American and the San Francisco Examiner—for they have shown by the record that the plutocratic and trust-controlled press is responsible for anarchy if newspaper criticism brings it about.

——As a rule republican journals appear to be much more interested in expedients for reducing the surplus by expending the money in building canals and in the payment of subsidies than in effecting the same object through the repeal of onerous taxes. It is to be feared that when congress shall assemble like views may control its action. Money is power and power is a thing never readily surrendered, either by individuals or parties.—Philadelphia Record.

——The financial organs of Wall street are hinting that another combination of capital will soon be announced that will be more startling than the enormous steel trust, but they do not tell us what line of enterprise is to be monopolized. The consolidation of all the railroads is about due, instead of the community of interest plan they are now working under. In vastness of capital and the number of men employed that combination would be a fearful menace to our political institutions which would make thousands of voters at the beck and call of one man.

DISAGREEING TARIFF DOCTORS

Manufacturers and Others Who Do Not Feel So Kindly Toward Reciprocity.

The Manufacturers' association of Philadelphia has been so worked up in its feelings about reciprocity and tariff reform that it declares that, while favoring reciprocity, it abandons none of its protection views. This, if it means anything, favors both sides of the question, for of course there can be no reciprocal arrangement made with any foreign country relating to the tariff without both parties make some concession by reducming their respective tariffs on commodities that they are willing to admit for a lower rate, and to that extent protection views have to be abandoned. It is hardly to be wondered that the manufacturers have lost their bearings and hardly know where they are at on this subject. The Protective league and the Home Market club on the one side are dinging into their ears that to ease up by ever so little on the present tariff would be to abandon the whole theory on which the wonderful and scientific tariff has been constructed and would soon bring ruin on its beneficiaries. The manufacturers and the trusts evidently believe this, for they donate liberally to the league to carry on the fight for no change. On the other hand, they are told by the champions of reciprocity that their markets must be enlarged or they will not be able to dispose of their surplus products, which, under the stimulus of protection and the enormous profits they are thus enabled to make in the home market, have rapidly grown beyond what our own people can purchase. If no market is opened for their surplus in foreign lands, production must be reduced to the home market level. As both of these schools of political economists promise just the ideal conditions that the trusts and manufacturers want, they naturally favor both factions, not seeing, possibly, what a ridiculous position they occupy. There are, however, some manufacturers and others interested who do not feel so kindly towards reciprocity. For instance, the hosiery and knit goods people of New England find that their industry has been sacrificed by a reduction of 20 per cent. in the reciprocity treaty with France. The seed growers, with a like reduction, the nut growers the same and the prune growers with ten per cent., all of whom declare will reduce their profits by that proportion without any corresponding advantage or reciprocal arrangement. These are the main kickers at reciprocity, outside of those who claim that the constitutional limitations restricting the origin of all revenue lays to the house of representatives is nullified because these reciprocity treaties are originated by the executive. These tariff doctors are certainly considerably mixed, and withal they do not touch the burning question of the tariff of whether trusts' productions that are sold to foreigners cheaper than they are to our own people shall be placed on the free list. That is the democratic contention, and some few anti-trust republicans believe so, too.

TRUST INTENTIONS.

The Overthrow of Labor Organizations and the Usurpation of Every Right.

It is evident that the trusts are intent on the overthrow of organized labor. The steel trust has virtually disorganized the Amalgamated association and will doubtless complete the job at the next attempt. It is announced "officially" that the presidents of the coal carrying roads of the eastern states have refused to consider any proposals for a joint conference with the officers of the coal miners' organization. The great coal operators have decreed the death of union labor as did the steel trust the death of the Amalgamated association. However, in doing this the trust officials are cutting from under them the main support to their "right" to own the coal mines and the steel factories and the railroads. Having had demands which they consider just turned down—having been refused even a conference with their employers, what is more natural than that these men should look for some other method of getting a hearing?

After a careful investigation of the ways and means they will learn a lesson from the employer—that of controling the law making and law enforcing bodies of the country. That a majority shall rule is a principle which we admit theoretically as right, the employes are largely in the majority—hence they learn, and they are being forced to learn that they have the coveted power in their own hands to turn the machinery of government to their own advantage; they will do it. And in doing this there will be no infringement of the rights of the minority—there will be no privilege or protection granted to one class of citizens which is denied to another, as in the case to-day.

——The inevitable result of the imperialistic tendencies of the government is found in the annual report of the heads of bureaus of the army and navy. They all demand more officers and more men and tell of the great danger to the country if their demands are not complied with. As the army has been raised to a maximum of 100,000 men and the naval force largely increased by the last congress, the former at all events far beyond what is necessary, these demands for a still greater increase are pretty good proof that the democratic charge of militarism is rapidly being accomplished.

——Those who believe that President Roosevelt will blindly follow in the footsteps of his predecessor are reckoning without their host and will find themselves mistaken. The machine politicians are already discovering this for the president is appointing his own selections to the vacant federal offices.

——President Roosevelt says that the white house suits him just as it is. That's good. Then he can give a good recommendation to the democratic tenant of three years hence.—Albany Argus.

TRADE AND THE FLAG

Tariff Restrictions as Viewed by Colonel Kilbourne, of Ohio.

The Death Knell of High Protective Tariff — Democratic Principles and Republican Subversion of Freedom.

The democrats of Ohio, in convention at Bucyrus, Wednesday, October 23, were addressed by Col. James Kilbourne, democratic candidate for governor, who spoke in part as follows:

"Patriotic republicans, you who love your country and are devoted to its free institutions, will you remain longer with those who, seeking to extend the exercise of arbitrary power by the government, preach that we have outgrown the constitution, or will you unite with those who believe that the preservation of constitutional liberty is of greater consequence than finding new fields for exploitation by the trusts or the establishment of a hybrid imperialism.

"Recognizing the power of the trusts, and their control of the republican party, which they all support, and whose legislation created them, and still fosters them, the American people cannot trust that party to carry out a satisfactory tariff reform. However much President Roosevelt may be inclined to follow the suggestion of President McKinley in his Buffalo speech, the trusts, with their controlling interest in the party, will stand in the way and prevent the freer trade which the best interests of our country demand.

"But the death knell of the high protective tariff, which is robbing the many for the benefit of the few, was sounded by President McKinley in these words: 'The period of exclusiveness is past.' The American people will proceed in the direction he pointed out and will continue to go forward until the true and perfect reciprocity advocated by the democracy is established in trade with all the nations of the earth, unhampered by tariff restrictions, excepting such as may be necessary for the purpose of revenue only.

"The democratic party wages no war against wealth. It is not a poor man's party nor the rich man's party; it is the people's party. It believes that the interests of labor and capital should not be permitted to conflict, and should be harmonized by judicious legislation, but that in the event of conflict between them, labor, which is the parent of wealth, is entitled to paramount consideration. It opposes monopoly, not only because it is unjust and oppressive, but because it is destructive of equality; but it would not legislate to check the legitimate operation of our great industries. It delights to see energy and enterprise rewarded; it has no sympathy with communism and anarchism, but it believes in taxing the wealth rather than the labor of the country, and it opposes, and from its principles must ever oppose, all subsidy, trusts and monopolies as hostile to the interests of the great body of the common people, on whose prosperity the welfare of our country depends.

"It is as true now as it was when our government was founded that 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,' and the democratic party, true to its traditions, stands to-day as it has always stood, in defense of that immortal declaration, which is the spirit of the constitution and has been for more than a hundred years the glory of our people.

"It believes that the policy now being pursued by the republican administration in the Philippines is subversive of our free institutions, and 'imperils the national safety without promoting the national welfare,' and that if persisted in it will threaten the life of the republic and the maintenance of principles upon which rests the only hope of universal freedom.

"It is an obsolete idea that trade follows the flag. It is the quality of goods and the price which determines trade in these days. It is not to our victory over Spain, nor to the possession of colonies, nor is it to the republican tariff that we own our increasing foreign trade. What has made our foreign trade grow, and what will make it grow, is not colonies, nor the tariff, but partly the courage and enterprise of American manufacturers, and mainly the superior skill, intelligence and character of American workingmen.

"The American flag never has been and never will be hauled down in dishonor. It surely will not be while the spirit of our fathers still lives in the breasts of our people. God grant that it may never be raised in dishonor.

"The fraternalism and subserviency to capital which marks the policy of the republican party to-day have debauched the virtue of that once high-minded organization and begotten monsters in the shape of bosses—national, state and municipal—who have relieved the republican voters of all responsibility except that of registering their masters' will.

"But some one may ask, are there not bosses in the democratic party also? There have been. There are still a few assuming that role who do not yet fully realize that their power is gone; that there is a new uprising of the democratic masses who believe and who intend to maintain the right and capacity of the people to govern themselves. True democracy draws its strength from individual thought, conviction and enthusiasm, and rebels at the idea of masters.

"The bribery of voters and the barter and sale of public offices is becoming prominent. Every branch of the civil service is contaminated. The improper use of money in our popular elections has become so prominent that concealment is hardly thought necessary, and it is undermining the very foundations of the republic.

"The overwhelming majority of the people of this country are still honest and hate a briber with a perfect hatred, and if fully aroused to the growing magnitude of the evil could easily crush it. It is the first duty of every citizen to use his voice, his vote, his influence, whatever strength he has, to arouse public sentiment, and to drive this evil out of public life. Vote for no man who seeks place or power by corrupt means. Turn out the boodlers and corruptionists of every class, no matter to what party they belong."

Disreputable Republican Tactics.

It is in exceedingly bad taste for the Ohio republicans to attempt to influence voters by the use of the memory of President McKinley. Furthermore, it is a reflection upon the administration of state affairs which is seeking an indorsement. A democratic victory in Ohio this year could in no manner reflect upon the murdered president or indicate a cessation in the public regard for him.—Washington Post.

Merely a Compromise.

So far as reciprocity is concerned, it is merely a makeshift and a compromise. It is free trade tempered with cowardice. When the protectionists of England saw that free trade was inevitable they first let down the ladder of reciprocity to enable them to escape from the burning building without fracturing themselves. Those who have followed the free trade struggle in England know that while reciprocity is a humbug it is also a symptom.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

We maintain tariff rates against Cuba now because free trade, it is supposed, would destroy industries in this country in which millions of capital have been invested. So certain "protectionists" will tell you, but in the same breath they will advocate the annexation of the island. Why Cuba under annexation will not be able to "destroy home industries" just the same as she would outside the dominion of the flag is hard to comprehend. Will some protection annexationist make this clear?—Indianapolis News (Ind.).